

elder. So you see people were somewhat harsh when they said he oughtn't to have gone, if he had gone, he ought to have been back on time.

"Miss Somers waited with the bridal party from noon until a quarter past one. Then her father took her home, and an hour later they were speeding in their car out of Nortonville. She never went back—I guess she was too proud. Her father took her to Palm Beach and after that to Paris and London, and they say she broke a score of hearts during the next few years; but she never married. Of course you know Jim Somers lost his fortune in the panic year. They sold their empty house at Nortonville, and that was the last anybody heard of them. Just faded out of people's minds. I heard Miss Somers took up missionary work or something of that sort afterwards. And to think that an old negro man with a crushed chest was at the bottom of it all!

"Doc Bentley had to leave Nortonville, of course. We learned his story soon after he got here, but I reckon nobody holds it against him. Anyway, he's a powerful good doctor. But don't you believe what other folks say, for, as I told you, they've got it wrong, Miss.

"Well, I must leave you here, for I've got some shopping to do. But walk straight ahead to the turn and you'll see the school on top of that rise. Good morning, doctor! This is the new principal of—you know her?

"Carry Myers, come here! Come here! There, you're too slow! You've missed it! What did I see? Why, Doc Bentley kissing the new principal of the Free school in the middle of the street, as bold as brass, and—look! Why, they're carrying on as if there wasn't another human being in the world but just themselves!"

### —o—o—o— SNAPSHOTS.

By Berton Braley

I care not what your features are,  
How beautiful or stately;  
Though you're a young dramatic  
star

With visage flattered greatly,  
The kodak fiend will make of you  
A thing uncouth, uncanny—  
In fact, the small snap-shotted  
view

Is sure to get your Nanny.  
It gives you splotches on your  
nose,

And by some hocus-pocus,  
A broken jawbone you disclose;  
Your hands are out of focus;  
Your mouth is always open wide;  
Your garb is one vast wrinkle,  
And spite of oil your care and  
pride

You look like Rip Van Winkle.  
A snapshot shows you with a  
squint

And ears of size terrific;  
Your hair seems made of fuzz  
and lint,

Your smile, so beatific,  
Is made a grin of maniac mirth—  
For, taking it "in toto,"  
There's nothing quite so bad on  
earth

As is a snapshot photo.